

VISIT...

LANZAROTE  
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# CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

The Dark  
Brigade  
Continues



Larry Wachowski  
Miran Kim

Scott Hampton  
John Van Fleet

Erik Saltzgeber  
Mark Bloodworth

Dwayne McDuffie  
D.G. Chichester  
Denys Cowan  
George Pratt



Jonathan  
D.G. Chichester

**Closets**  
Larry Wachowski  
writer  
Mian Kim  
artist  
John Costanza  
letterer

**The Tontine**  
Scott Hampton  
writer/artist  
John Van Fleet  
artist  
John Costanza  
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**Devil's Brigade Part Four:  
Shoot High, Break Low**  
Erik Saltzgeber  
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**Devil's Brigade Part Five:  
Passion**  
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221c. looks difficult, yet I think it is better than  
 on all the other discontinued planning. solved

## FOREWORD

While Hell's forces are legion, there's only so much a body can do (and *that* experience we're saving for the trial). But should an unholy desire for more Barker beasts tug at what's left of your soul, we offer alternate abnormalities from these offices . . . and beyond . . .

For the literary minded, two newsletters oozing oddities about his Clive-ness. **Dread** promises interviews with the likes of *Hellraiser 2/3* screenwriter Peter Atkins, writer/editor yours truly, and commentary from Clive himself; they also feature unique Barker-related merchandise. For further info, write them at 10 Oakville Street, Staten Island, NY 10314. Also lurking is the fanzine of the **Clive Barker Appreciation Organization**, a fan club experience devoted to our favorite fearsome Englishman; they offer details at the bargain price of a self-addressed stamped envelope sent to 96 Summer Street, Medford, MA 02155-4434.

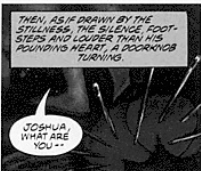
Those preferring the hands on approach will want the ghoulish goodies from the aptly named **Screamin' Products**. Their hellishly accurate model kits are based on the *Hellraiser* series of films, including Pinhead (pins included!), Chatterer (dental plan optional!) and a life-sized puzzle box (easily assembled, open at your own risk!). Write for **Screamin'** catalog at P.O. Box 6577, Albany, NY 12206; tell 'em Leviathan sent ya.

Closer to home, we're unleashing **Jihad**, the oft-threatened **Hellraiser-Nightbreed** crossover, marking the first collision *ever* of two of Clive's creations. It's all-out war this October between the orderly Cenobites and the impassioned 'Breed, courtesy the brilliant talents of Mr. Paul Johnson (late of DC's **The Books of Magic**, currently working more magic for Touchmark); Paul's coaxed his brush into capturing some of the most manic/marvelous moments ever to soon haunt your dreams. Oh, and I wrote it . . . which is nice.

This issue's mid-wives: Honorary Cenobites Scott Hampton and John Van Fleet on "The Tontine," a pact of empty friendship and loaded revolvers; Scott penned this brooding tale, then tag-teaming with John on the intense artwork. Larry Wachowski, of the *Hellraiser* compendium **The Book of the Damned**, takes time to open a few "Closets" — no skeletons, but twisted mother/son unions abound; new to our pages is artist Miran Kim, whose talents we hope to see more of soon. And *The Devil's Brigade* thunders on, with "Shoot High, Break Low," dangerous doings of the psychotic Cenobite Atkins, via writer Erik Saltzgaber and artist Mark Bloodworth; and in "Passion," medical wonders meet the Machiavellian wickedness of Pinhead — that's by way of writers moi and Dwayne McDuffie (**Deathlok**) and artist extraordinaire Denys Cowan (also **Deathlok**, along with the upcoming **Frank** (enstein) from Harvey Comics).

As always, gentle reader, it's our fervent desire to present you with as much pleasure as we can eke out of pain. Forgive us our occasional inadequacies of only being able to cram so much into so many pages, for we're only human . . . for now, anyway . . .

Daniel Chichester  
consulting editor



# CLOSETS

Larry Wachowski  
writer  
Miran Kim  
artist  
John Costanza  
letterer



YOU KNOW  
WHERE YOU ARE  
GOING...

THIS IS WHY  
WE'RE ALONE.

THIS IS WHY  
YOUR FATHER  
LEFT US!



HE SAW WHAT  
A MONSTER YOU  
WERE BECOMING!

FILLED  
WITH HATE.  
WITH  
MEANNESS.

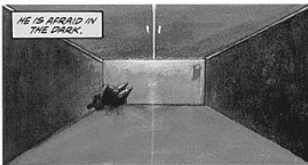


YOU'RE  
NOT FIT FOR  
THIS WORLD.

MAYBE I SHOULD  
LEAVE YOU IN HERE.  
FOREVER.



YOU PRAY, YOUNG  
MAN. YOU ASK GOD  
TO FORGIVE YOU.  
I WON'T.

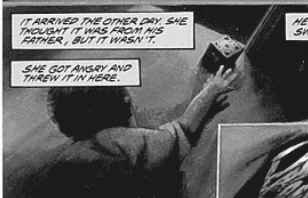


HE IS AFRAID IN  
THE DARK.



HE WANTS TO CRY, BUT  
IT HURTS TOO MUCH.

IN THE CORNER...  
THAT BOX.



IT ARRIVED THE OTHER DAY. SHE  
THOUGHT IT WAS FROM HIS  
FATHER, BUT IT WASN'T.

SHE GOT ANGRY AND  
THREW IT IN HERE.



HE HOLDS IT IN HIS  
SWEATING PALM.

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S  
IN THERE?



A CLICK.  
A CRACK...

AND THEN, AS IF  
DRAWN, FOOTSTEPS;  
A DOORKNOB TURNING...

COME CHILD,  
IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW.  
COME WITH ME.

LET ME EASE YOU  
FROM YOUR FEAR.  
LET ME HELP YOU  
WITH YOUR PAIN.



WHAT IS IT?  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?



IT'S HER LITTLE  
BOY. HE'S MISSING.  
SHAME.



IF YOU SEE  
ANYTHING...



YES?  
WHAT IS  
IT?



THE  
POLICEMAN  
TOLD ME. I'M  
TERRIBLY  
SORRY.

MY CHILDREN  
KNEW YOUR BOY--I  
MEAN *KNOW*--OH  
GOD, I'M SORRY, I  
SHOULD JUST--



WOULD YOU  
LIKE SOME  
COFFEE?

YES, SURE.  
THAT WOULD  
BE NICE.



YOU CAN'T IMAGINE.  
IT'S SO QUIET NOW.  
SO... EMPTY. AWFUL.  
I HAVEN'T FELT LIKE  
THIS SINCE MY  
FATHER DIED TWELVE  
YEARS AGO.

YOUR  
FATHER'S  
DEAD? BUT  
YOUR NEEDLE-  
POINT--?

OH GOD, UMM... HA.  
WELL, EVERY FATHER'S DAY  
I MAKE HIM SOMETHING.  
I KNOW IT'S STUPID, I'M  
STUPID, BUT I GUESS I'LL  
ALWAYS BE "DADDY'S LITTLE  
GIRL."

HA.

MORE  
SUGAR?



BEFORE I CALLED THE POLICE,  
I WENT TO THE CHURCH AND I  
PRAYED, AND PRAYED I WAS SO  
TERRIFIED THEY'D ARREST ME. I  
KEEP BLAMING MYSELF; IF I HAD  
DONE THIS OR THAT, YOU EVER  
FEEL LIKE THAT? LIKE YOU CAN'T  
DO ANYTHING RIGHT?

IT'S ALMOST FUNNY. I LOST MY  
FATHER... MY HUSBAND... MY BOY.  
YOU KNOW WHAT MY FATHER  
WOULD SAY? "ELLIE"--HE  
ALWAYS CALLED ME THAT--  
"ELLIE, YOU KNOW IT'S YOUR  
OWN DAMN FAULT" AND  
I'D BELIEVE HIM.

OH LORD, I SOUND SO PATHETIC.  
I'M SORRY, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, THEY'LL  
FIND HIM. I KNOW IT, WOULD YOU  
LIKE A CANDY?



HOW ABOUT A  
CANDY, ELLIE?

NO, DADDY. I WANT MY  
HANNIE... PLEASE... I LOST  
HER! PLEASE, HELP ME  
FIND HER!

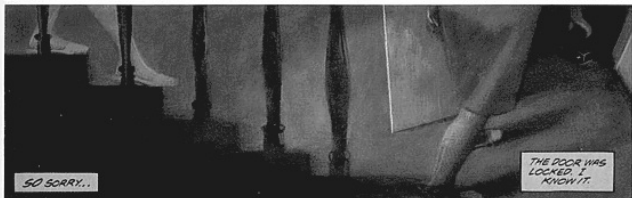
OKAY, COME WITH ME,  
ELLIE. I THINK I KNOW  
WHERE TO LOOK.



OH, JOSH. WHERE ARE  
YOU? PLEASE COME  
HOME. I'M SO SORRY.

DON'T LEAVE  
ME ALONE.

I'M AFRAID.



SO SORRY...

THE DOOR WAS  
LOCKED. I  
KNOW IT.



IT WAS THIS.

SOMEONE THIS TOOK  
YOU AWAY FROM ME.

DEAR GOD, LET ME  
FIND HIM. LET ME  
FIND MY CHILD,  
BEFORE IT'S TOO...

...LATE.

JOSH?

JOSHUA!

MOMMA!

THANK YOU, THANK YOU. OH, GOD JOSH, WHAT HAVE I DONE? I'M SORRY. I'M SO SORRY--

DON'T BE SORRY, ELLEN. IT'S YOUR PAIN CARVED IN HIS FACE. IT'S A MASTER-PIECE.

WELCOME, ELLEN. WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.

WHO ARE YOU? WHA-- WHERE DID YOU FIND MY DOLL? GIVE IT TO ME! PLEEEASE-- GIVE IT BACK!

ALL RIGHT, BUT IF I DO GIVE IT TO YOU, ELLIE, DO YOU PROMISE TO PLAY DADDY'S GAME?

DADDY'S SPECIAL GAME?

ANHHAHA HAHHHHH!



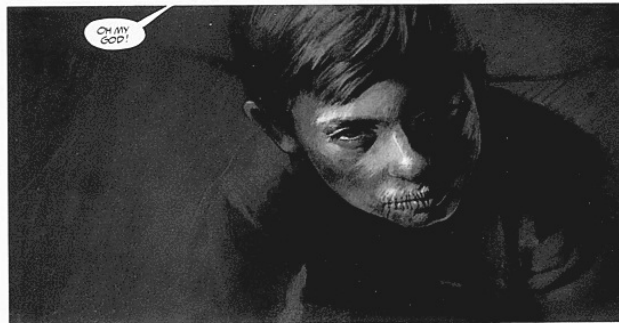
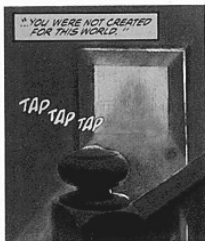
"NOOO!"

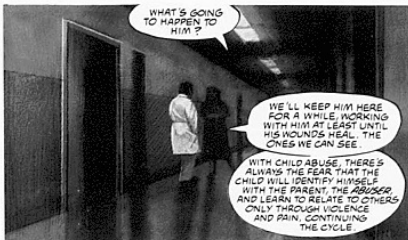
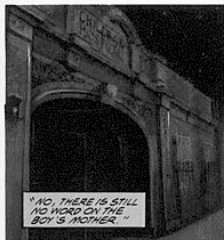
"INSIDE THE BOX, THE CHAMBER, LEVIATHAN WILL UN-TWIST YOUR SOUL, ELLEN. HE WILL RE-MAKE YOUR GUILT, YOUR SHAME, YOUR HURT, INTO YOUR POWER, YOUR WEAPON.

"YOU WILL CAUSE SUCH TERRIBLE PAIN AND IN TURN YOU WILL BE TORTURED BY THE PAIN YOU CAUSE.

"YES, ELLEN. YOU ARE PERFECT FOR THIS PLACE.

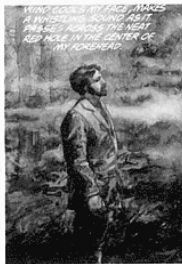
"GO, CHILD..."





The End

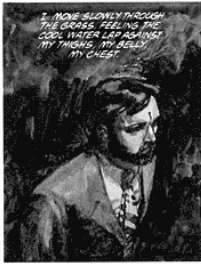
THE DREAM IS ALWAYS THE SAME. I'M  
STANDING IN BLACK WATER.



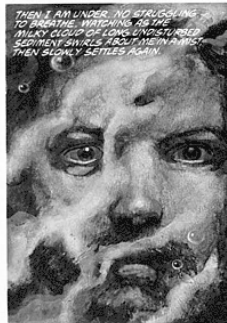
WIND COOES MY FACE, HARES  
A WHISTLING SOUND AS IT  
PASSES. CROSSES THE HEAT  
RED MOLE IN THE CENTER OF  
MY FOREHEAD.



REEDS AND TENDRILS OF RIVER  
GRASS BEND AWAY FROM ME IN  
THE BREEZE LIKE BRACKENING  
ARMS URSING ME OUT OF THE  
SHALLOWS.



I MOVE SLOWLY THROUGH  
THE GRASS, FEELING THE  
COOL WATER LAP AGAINST  
MY THIGHS, MY BELLY,  
MY CHEST.



THEN I AM UNDER. NO STRUGGLING  
TO BREATHE. WATCHING AS THE  
MILKY CLOUD OF LONG UNDISTURBED  
SEDIMENT SWIRLS ABOUT ME IN A MIST.  
THEN SLOWLY SETTLES AGAIN.

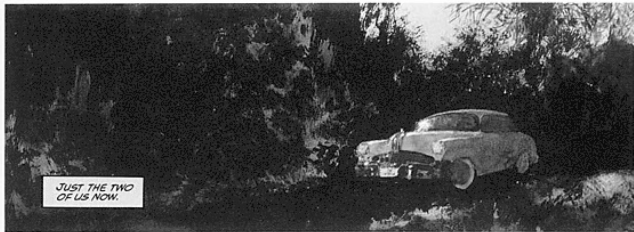


THEN, THROUGH THE GREY  
VEL OF THE WATER, I SEE  
A FACE MOVING TOWARD ME.  
INDISTINCT AT FIRST, THE  
FEATURES SLOWLY COALESCE.



I RECOGNIZE  
BELASCO...

... AS THE  
GREY  
DEEPENS  
INTO BLACK.



*JUST THE TWO  
OF US NOW.*



*SIX YEARS. HARD TO  
BELIEVE IT'S FINALLY  
COMING TO AN END.*

Scott Hampton  
writer/artist  
John Van Fleet  
artist  
John Costanza  
letterer

# The TONTINE



BELASCO SET IT ALL UP BACK IN '45. THE WAR WAS COMING TO A CLOSE, AND WE WERE JUST DUMB ENOUGH AND CRAZY ENOUGH TO GO ALONG WITH IT. HE CALLED IT A "TONTINE." NONE OF US KNEW WHAT THAT WAS, SO HE EXPLAINED



"USUALLY IT'S WHERE EVERYBODY PUTS MONEY INTO A POT AND THE LAST GUY ALIVE TAKES IT ALL BUT THIS GAME WON'T BE FOR MONEY. IT'LL BE FOR SOMETHING A LOT MORE VALUABLE..."



EVERY YEAR FROM THAT DAY WE WERE TO MEET AT AN OLD GRIST MILL HIS FAMILY OWNED IN WISCONSIN. ONCE THERE, WE'D PLAY THE GAME. WE'D DO THIS UNTIL ONLY ONE MAN WAS LEFT, ONE...

...BENEFICIARY.



ONLY THE "GAME" WAS NO GAME. IT WAS RUSSIAN ROULETTE --AND WHEN BELASCO SAID "LOSE," HE MEANT IT.

BUT, I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF



WE WERE OUT THERE FOR A LONG TIME, AND WE GENERALLY PULLED SCOUTING DETAILS. WE WERE LUCKY--ALMOST TOO LUCKY. OUR WORST BATTLE SCARS WERE CALLOUSES FROM THE TRIGGERS OF OUR SPRINGFIELDS. WE COULDN'T BUY A PURPLE HEART. IT WAS UNCANNY.

I REMEMBER A NIGHT WHEN WE WERE ORDERED TO RECONNOITER THE FRINGE OF A GERMAN OUTPOST. LAND MINES ALL OVER THE PLACE.

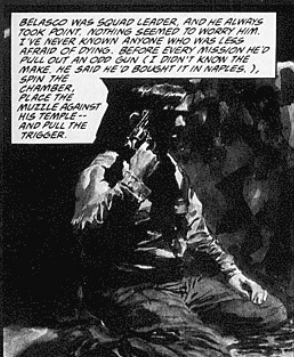
THE OTHER GUYS DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE US AGAIN...



... AND THEY WERE RIGHT. WHILE WE WERE CRAWLING THROUGH THE MUD FEELING FOR METAL PRONGS, WE BECAME AWARE OF A LOW DRONE FROM OVERHEAD. A GERMAN SQUADRON HAD CHOSEN THAT PRECISE MOMENT TO COME CALLING.



BY THE TIME WE GOT BACK, THERE WAS NOBODY LEFT TO REPORT TO.



BELASCO WAS SQUAD LEADER, AND HE ALWAYS TOOK POINT. NOTHING SEEMED TO WORRY HIM. I'VE NEVER KNOWN ANYONE WHO WAS LESS AFRAID OF DYING. BEFORE EVERY MISSION HE'D PULL OUT AN ODD GUN (I DIDN'T KNOW THE MAKE. HE SAID HE'D BOUGHT IT IN NAPLES.), SPIN THE CHAMBER, PLACE THE MUZZLE AGAINST HIS TEMPLE-- AND PULL THE TRIGGER.



CARR CALLED HIM ON IT ONE NIGHT. HE SAID, "HELL BOY, EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT THING AIN'T LOADED," AND THEN HE LAUGHED-- WE ALL DID.



BELASCO SMILED  
FOR A MOMENT...

**THINK!**



... THEN, BEFORE CARR KNEW  
WHAT WAS HAPPENING,  
BRACED THE MUZZLE OF THE  
GUN AGAINST HIS FORE-  
HEAD, AND PULLED THE  
TRIGGER.



WE HAD TO HOLD CARR BACK.  
HE CALLED BELASCO A CRAZY  
SON-OF-A-BITCH. TRIED  
TO GET AT HIM.



BUT BELASCO ONLY SMILED.  
HE POINTED THE PISTOL AT A  
RAT THAT HAD MADE ITS WAY  
INTO THE FOXHOLE--



--AND BLEW  
ITS HEAD OFF



EVERYBODY  
GOT VERY  
QUIET  
THEN.



BELASCO  
LAUGHED. IT  
WAS A FLAT,  
DEAD  
SOUND.

HE RELOADED, SPUN THE CHAMBER AGAIN.  
THEN HE LAID THE GUN DOWN IN FRONT  
OF US ALL. THAT WAS THE BEGINNING --  
A GAUNTLET HAD BEEN THROWN DOWN,  
A CHALLENGE TO MANHOOD...



...A CHALLENGE  
ACCEPTED.

WE DIDN'T REALIZE THAT FIRST TIME THAT WE WOULD  
GROW TO ACTUALLY LOOK FORWARD TO IT, TO NEED IT.

WE WERE SOLDIERS. SOMEONE HAD  
SAID, "YOU COMMIT TO THE KILL OR  
YOU DIE." AND WE WERE COMMITTED.  
WE KILLED MEN COMFORTABLY FROM  
A DISTANCE, AND WE KILLED THEM  
BRUTALLY AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

WE WERE BECOMING NUMB.  
THAT GAME BROUGHT US  
BACK, SET OUR NERVES ON  
FIRE. SPINNING THE  
CHAMBER, LOADING THE  
GUN AGAINST YOUR  
HEAD, YOU COULD  
FEEL THE BLOOD  
DRUMMING IN YOUR  
TEMPLES, POUNDING  
ONE IN SIX.  
THOSE WERE  
YOUR CHANCES.  
IT BECAME OUR  
DRUG--EQUAL  
PARTS TERROR  
AND EXHILARATION.

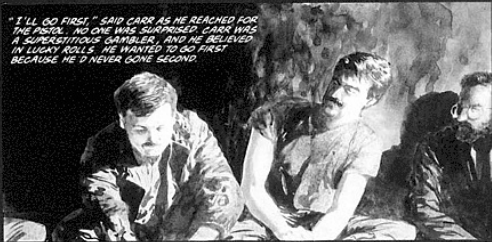


NEEDLESS TO SAY, BY THE NIGHT  
WE AGREED TO THE COMPACT I  
THINK WE WERE ALL AT LEAST  
A LITTLE INSANE.

THAT NIGHT EACH OF US, IN TURN,  
CUT OUR FOREARMS, MIXING  
OUR BLOOD IN AN OLD K-RATION  
TIN. THEN WE SAT IN A CIRCLE  
AND PASSED THE TIN AROUND.  
EACH MAN IN TURN TOOK A SIP,  
THEN PASSED IT ON, ENDING WITH  
RELASCO, WHO DRAINED IT. THEN  
HE PLACED THE FAMILIAR GUN  
IN FRONT OF US AND SAID "IT'S  
TIME TO PUT AWAY CHILDISH  
THINGS."

THE WAR WAS COMING TO AN  
END. THE ADDICTION WAS ALL  
WE HAD LEFT.

"I'LL GO FIRST," SAID CARR AS HE REACHED FOR THE PISTOL. NO ONE WAS SURPRISED. CARR WAS A SUPERSTITIOUS GAMBLER, AND HE BELIEVED IN LUCKY ROLLS. HE WANTED TO GO FIRST BECAUSE HE'D NEVER GONE SECOND.



CARR'S ATTITUDE WAS DIFFERENT FROM MINE. I REMEMBER THINKING ABOUT ALL THE TIMES I'D HEARD THE CYLINDER SLOWLY TURNING TO MEET THE HAMMER, THE HOLLOW CLACK THAT TOLD ME I WAS STILL THERE. WE'D BEEN JEERING AT DEATH FOR MONTHS, BUT HE'D BEEN TOO BUSY TO BOTHER WITH US.



NOW THE FIGHTING WAS ALMOST OVER AND CARR WAS ABOUT TO THUMB HIS NOSE ONE MORE TIME. ONLY THIS TIME DEATH WAS THERE TO SEE IT.

I WAS SURE THAT CARR WAS GOING TO PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEAD, BUT I WAS WRONG WHEN HE WAS FINISHED HE LAID THE GUN DOWN WITH A LOOK OF SATISFACTION, A LOOK THAT SAID KID STUFF. AS IF HE KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN THAT WAY.



DORN WAS ABOUT TO PICK UP THE GUN, BUT BELASCO BEAT HIM TO IT.



AS HE PUT THE GUN TO HIS HEAD HE SAID SOMETHING. I'LL NEVER FORGET HE SAID, "SEE YOU." THE BLAST WAS DEAFENING IN THAT SMALL SPACE. DID HE KNOW? DID HE WANT TO DIE? IAN BELASCO, THE MAN WITH ALL THE ANSWERS, WASN'T SAYING.





WE ALL MET AT BELASCO'S CAR.  
MILLER GOT IN FIRST. FOR A  
MOMENT, OUR LIVES WERE  
SAFE. BUT THEN THE DOOR  
OPENED AND MILLER WAS  
GONE. WITH HIM WERE  
MILLER'S CAR AND  
MILLER'S CAR.



BELASCO WAS THERE TOO.  
HE WOULDN'T MISS THIS  
FOR THE WORLD.



ONCE INSIDE, WE WERE SURPRISED  
TO DISCOVER A LARGE VICTORIAN  
TABLE, WITH SIX CHAIRS NEATLY  
ARRANGED AROUND IT, STANDING  
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM.  
EXCEPT FOR THESE, THE PLACE  
WAS EMPTY, GUTTED.



MILLER PULLED THE GUN FROM  
HIS NEW LEATHER SATCHEL.



WHILE CARR LIT A  
KEROSENE LAMP  
THAT HE'D BROUGHT  
AND PLACED IT IN  
THE CENTER OF  
THE TABLE.



I WAS ELECTED TO PUT THE BULLET  
IN THE CHAMBER. I REMEMBER  
THE COLD FEEL OF THE CYLINDER  
AGAINST MY PALM, THE CLICKING,  
RATCHETING SOUND IT MADE AS  
IT SPUN, THEN SLOWED AND  
FINALLY STOPPED.



CARR SPUN THE REVOLVER AND  
MY HEART HAMMERED LIKE A  
PISTON INSIDE MY CHEST AS THE  
GUN SLOWED AND SLOWED AND  
PASSED ME FOR THE LAST TIME  
TO POINT AT MILLER DIRECTLY  
ACROSS FROM ME.



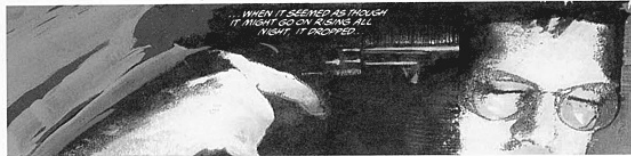
HE PICKED IT UP BY THE  
BARREL FIRST, THEN  
TURNED THE WALNUT  
HANDLE INTO HIS PALM  
AND LOOKED AROUND  
AT US.



THEN, FROWNING WITH  
DETERMINATION, HE QUICKLY  
POINTED THE TIP OF THE  
BARREL AT HIS TEMPLE, AS  
THOUGH HE'D ALREADY  
THOUGHT ABOUT IT, ALREADY  
DECIDED TO POINT IT THERE.



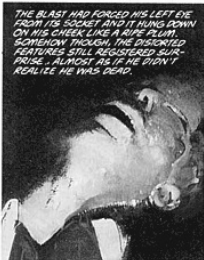
HIS FINGER TENSED AND THE  
CYLINDER STARTED GOING  
AROUND. THE HAMMER  
DRAWING BACK AS HE  
TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER.  
I REMEMBER MOSTLY THAT  
HAMMER, THAT HUGE HAMMER  
GOING UP AND UP, BACK AND  
BACK.



... WHEN IT SEEMED AS THOUGH  
IT MIGHT GO ON RISING ALL  
NIGHT, IT DROPPED.



...IT DROPPED, AND MILLER'S BRAINS EXPLODED OUT THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS HEAD, SHATTERING THE ROTTEN TIMBERS OF THE WALL BEHIND HIM.



THE BLAST HAD FORCED HIS LEFT EYE FROM ITS SOCKET AND IT HUNG DOWN ON HIS CHEEK LIKE A RUDE PLUM. SOMEHOW, THOUGH, THE DISTORTED FEATURES STILL REGISTERED SURPRISE - ALMOST AS IF HE DIDN'T REALIZE HE WAS DEAD.



THEN EVERYBODY STARTED MOVING. CARR GRABBED THE GUN OUT OF MILLER'S GRASP.



NO ONE SPOKE WHILE CARR AND I TIED CINDER BLOCKS TO HIM WITH BAILING WIRE. THEN, WADED OUT INTO THE TARN THAT ONCE HAD BEEN A STREAM, AND SANK THE DEAD MAN IN BLACK WATER.



JENNINGS STARTED MILLER'S CHEVY AND DROVE IT IN AS WELL. THEN WE ALL LEFT.



THE RELIEF, THE EXHILARATION HIT ME ON THE WAY BACK. I DROVE ALL NIGHT AND I NEVER LET THE SPEEDOMETER DIP BELOW EIGHTY.

AS BELASCO HAD PROMISED, MY FORTUNES SEEMED TO DOUBLE AFTERWARDS. JUST AS THEY HAD AFTER HE'D GONE. IT WAS AS IF EACH OF US INHERITED A SHARE OF THE DEAD MAN'S LUCK.

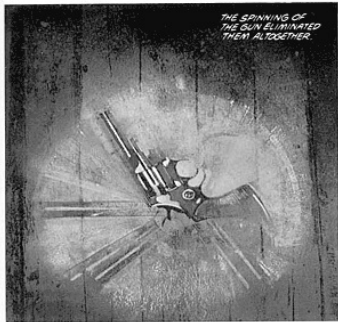
AND SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETHING MORE VALUABLE. HIS DISCARDABLE FORCE-- HIS ABILITY TO DUPE-- HIS DEATH.



WHEN I RETURNED TO THAT DILAPIDATED BUILDING THE NEXT YEAR, I EXPERIENCED A FEELING OF HAVING RETURNED THROUGH TIME. THE ROOM WAS UNCHANGED, EXACTLY AS WE'D LEFT IT. I HALF EXPECTED ITTILER TO WALK IN.



HIS CHAIR REMAINED EMPTY. THANK GOD, AND THAT GRIM DIFFERENCE BEGAN TO DISSOLVE MY FEELINGS OF DETAIL.



THE SPINNING OF THE GUN ELIMINATED THEM ALTOGETHER.



THIS TIME IT POINTED DEAD AT ME.

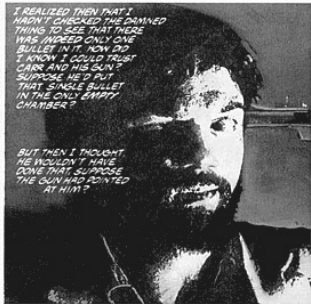
SUDDENLY I WAS SCARED MORE SCARED THAN I'D EVER BEEN BEFORE

BECAUSE NOW I HAD SOMETHING TO LOSE, I SUPPOSE. THE GUN FELT HEAVY AND GOLD IN MY HAND AS IT PRESSED AGAINST MY TEMPLE. IT HADN'T SEEMED HARD TO LIFT, BUT NOW THAT IT WAS THERE IT TOOK INCREDIBLE STRENGTH TO HOLD IT IN PLACE AND FIGHT THE URGE TO SIMPLY DROP IT ON THE FLOOR.

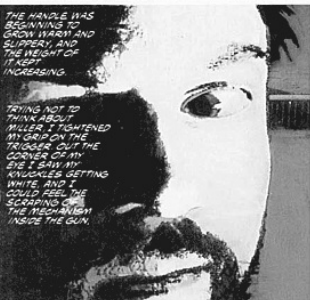


I REALIZED THEN THAT I HADN'T CHECKED THE DAMNED THING TO SEE THAT THERE WAS INDEED ONLY ONE BULLET IN IT. NOW DO I KNOW I COULD TRUST CARR AND HIS GUN? SUPPOSE HE'D PUT THAT SINGLE BULLET IN THE ONLY EMPTY CHAMBER?

BUT THEN I THOUGHT HE WOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT. SUPPOSE THE GUN HAD POINTED AT HIM?

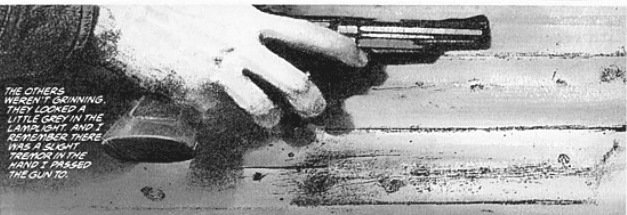


THE HANDLE WAS BEGINNING TO GROW WARM AND SLIPPERY, AND THE WEIGHT OF IT KEPT INCREASING.



TRYING NOT TO THINK ABOUT MILLER, I TIGHTENED MY GRIP ON THE TRIGGER, OUT THE CORNER OF MY EYE I SAW MY KNUCKLES GETTING WHITE, AND I COULD FEEL THE SCRAPING OF THE MECHANISM INSIDE THE GUN.

AND THEN THERE WAS THE HOLLOW CLICK OF THE COPPER FIRING PIN COMING DOWN ON NOTHING. I WAS GLAD I HADN'T EXAMINED THE GUN TO SEE WHERE THE BULLET WAS. I MAY HAVE EVEN SMILED, BROKEN INTO A STUPID GRIN AS I BLEW OUT MY BREATH, GRINNING TO STILL BE ALIVE.



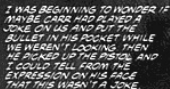
THE OTHERS WEREN'T GRINNING. THEY LOOKED A LITTLE GREY IN THE LAMPLIGHT, AND I REMEMBER THERE WAS A SLIGHT TREMOR IN THE HAND I PASSED THE GUN TO.



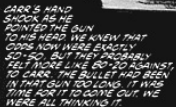
JENNINGS  
SHRIEKED  
LIKE A  
COMMANDO  
TAKING  
THE  
HILL WHEN  
HE DID IT.



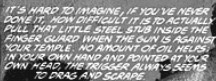
CARR, AS USUAL, SAID  
NOTHING, JUST POINTED  
THE GUN AND SLOWLY  
SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER.



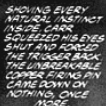
I WAS BEGINNING TO WONDER IF  
MAYBE CARR HAD PLAYED A  
JOKER ON US AND PUT THE  
BULLET IN HIS POCKET WHILE  
WE WEREN'T LOOKING. THEN  
HE PICKED UP THE PISTOL, AND  
I COULD TELL FROM THE  
EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE  
THAT THIS WASN'T A JOKE.



CARR'S HAND  
SHOOK AS HE  
POINTED THE GUN  
TO HIS HEAD. WE KNEW THAT  
ODDS NOW WERE EXACTLY  
50-50, BUT THEY PROBABLY  
FELT MORE LIKE 80-20 AGAINST  
TO CARR. THE BULLET HAD BEEN  
IN THAT GUN TOO LONG. IT WAS  
TIME FOR IT TO GO OUT. WE  
WERE ALL THINKING IT.



IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE, IF YOU'VE NEVER  
DONE IT, HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO ACTUALLY  
PULL THAT LITTLE STEEL STUB INSIDE THE  
FINGER GUARD WHEN THE GUN IS AGAINST  
YOUR TEMPLE. NO AMOUNT OF OIL HELPS.  
IN YOUR OWN HAND AND POINTED AT YOUR  
OWN HEAD, THE TRIGGER ALWAYS SEEMS  
TO DRAG AND SCRAPE.



SHOWING EVERY  
NATURAL INSTINCT  
INSIDE, CARR  
SQUEEZED HIS EYES  
SHUT AND FORCED  
THE TRIGGER BACK.  
THE UNBREAKABLE  
COPPER FIRING PIN  
CAME DOWN ON  
NOTHING, ONCE  
MORE.

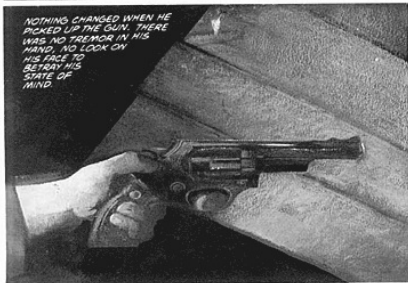


CARR SNATCHED THE GUN AWAY FROM HIS HEAD AND EXCLAIMED, "YEAH!" GRINNING FROM EAR TO EAR.

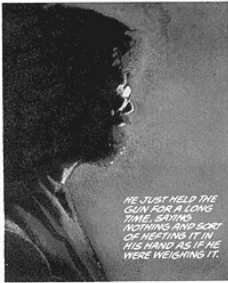
THEN, SINCE WE WEREN'T GRINNING BACK, HE STOPPED-- AND LOOKED AT DORN



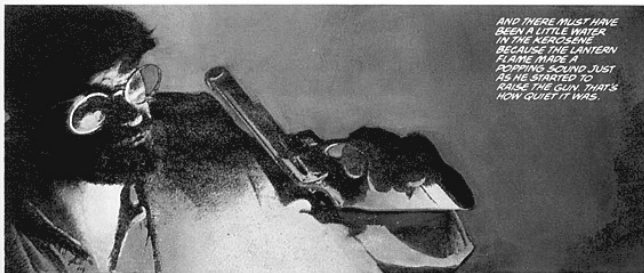
BUT DORN WASN'T LOOKING AT US JUST THEN; HE WAS LOOKING AT THE GUN ON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF HIM.



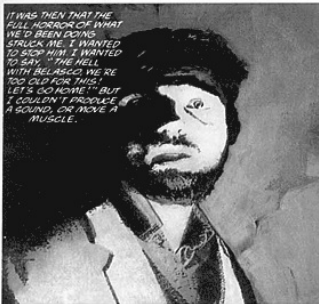
NOTHING CHANGED WHEN HE PICKED UP THE GUN. THERE WAS NO TREMOR IN HIS HAND, NO LOOK ON HIS FACE TO BETRAY HIS STATE OF MIND.



HE JUST HELD THE GUN FOR A LONG TIME, SAYING NOTHING AND SORT OF HEFTING IT IN HIS HAND AS IF HE WERE WEIGHING IT.



AND THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A LITTLE WATER IN THE KEROSENE BECAUSE THE LANTERN FLAME MADE A POPPING SOUND JUST AS HE STARTED TO RAISE THE GUN. THAT'S HOW QUIET IT WAS.



IT WAS THEN THAT THE FULL HORROR OF WHAT WE'D BEEN DOING STRUCK ME. I WANTED TO STOP HIM. I WANTED TO SAY, "THE MELL WITH BELASCO, WE'RE TOO OLD FOR THIS! LET'S GO HOME!" BUT I COULDN'T PRODUCE A SOUND, OR MOVE A MUSCLE.



I COULDN'T EVEN BLINK. I WATCHED IN MUTE HORROR AS DORN OPENED HIS MOUTH AND STUCK THE FOUR INCH BARREL INSIDE AGAINST THE ROOF.



AND STILL THOSE EYES LOOKED STRAIGHT OUT. IT WAS LIKE HE'D FORGOTTEN WE WERE THERE. INSTEAD, HE WAS STARING RIGHT INTO THAT GREY WINDOW OVER-LOOKING THE TARN.

FINALLY, HE PULLED THE TRIGGER. NOT SLOWLY, BUT WITH A TUG THAT TOOK NO TIME AT ALL. THE WAY A STRONG MAN MIGHT PULL HIS OWN TOOTH.



THE BLAST SNAPPED HIS HEAD BACK AND TO THE SIDE--SPUN HIM AROUND. DEATH STRUCK DORN DOWN THE WAY ANOTHER MAN MIGHT, WITH A ROUNDHOUSE TO THE HEAD, KNOCKING HIM OFF HIS CHAIR.

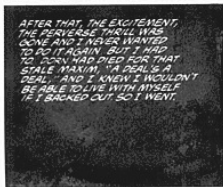


IN AN INSTANT THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT. NO BLOOD. NO EVIDENCE OF HIS EVER HAVING BEEN THERE, EXCEPT FOR THE SOUND OF HIS BODY THRASHING BENEATH THE TABLE.

THEN THAT STOPPED--AND THERE WAS NOTHING.



DORN'S DEATH BOTHERS ME YET. HE WAS THE BEST OF US, THE ONE WHO ENJOYED DORRINGS BULLETS THE LEAST, AND THE ONE MOST LIKELY TO LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR YOU. IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING, HE WAS AN HONORABLE MAN.



AFTER THAT, THE EXCITEMENT, THE PERVERSE THRILL WAS GONE AND I NEVER WANTED TO DO IT AGAIN. BUT I HAD TO. DORN HAD DIED FOR THAT STALE MAXIM, "A DEAL'S A DEAL," AND I KNEW I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO LIVE WITH MYSELF IF I BACKED OUT. SO I WENT.



AFTER DORN, A YEAR PASSED LIKE A WEEK, AND I'D FIND MYSELF AROUND THAT CRUMMY TABLE WITH THOSE GUNS AGAIN.

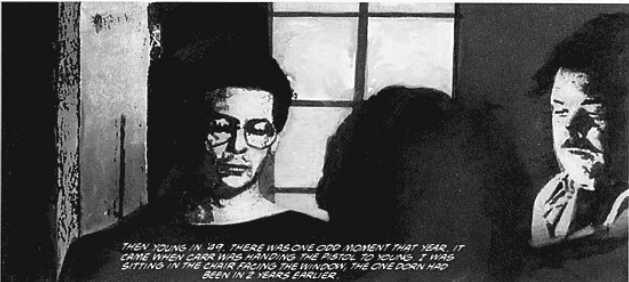


'48 WAS JENNINGS, AND IT  
WAS OVER PRETTY QUICKLY

HE WAS THE FIRST MAN  
UP, LIKE MILLER. JENNINGS  
HAD BROUGHT A CADILLAC  
THAT YEAR AND CARR BALKED  
AT DRIVING IT INTO THE TARN.



HE SAID IT WAS "SUCH A  
WASTE." SO I DID IT.



THEN YOUNG IN '49, THERE WAS ONE ODD MOMENT THAT YEAR. IT  
CAME WHEN CARR WAS HANDING THE PISTOL TO YOUNG. I WAS  
SITTING IN THE CHAIR FACING THE WINDOW. THE ONE DORN HAD  
BEEN IN 2 YEARS EARLIER.



AS I WATCHED THE GUN  
BEING PASSED MY EYE WAS  
DRAWN TO A SHADY  
FIGURE NEAR THE EDGE  
OF THE TARN.



HE SEEMED TO BE WATCHING  
US, NOT MOVING, JUST  
STANDING THERE--WATCHING



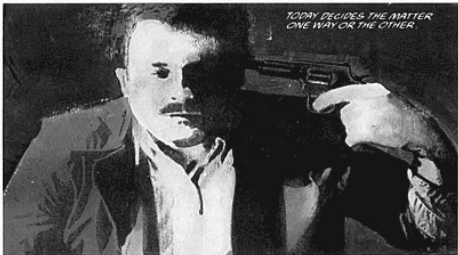
I WAS ABOUT TO SAY  
SOMETHING, WARN YOUNG  
WHEN THE GUN WENT OFF.  
HE TOOK LONGER THAN  
ANYONE ELSE, THREE, FOUR  
MINUTES TO DIE.

WHEN I LOOKED UP  
AGAIN THE FIGURE  
WAS GONE.

IT'S 1950 NOW AND THE TONTINE IS  
COMING TO ITS END. TODAY ONE OF  
US GETS TO FIND OUT IF BELASCO  
WAS ON THE LEVEL OR NOT.



TODAY DECIDES THE MATTER  
ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.



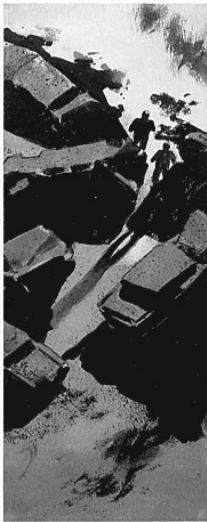
I'M TIRED NOW, TIRED  
OF WONDERING, TIRED  
OF WORRYING ABOUT  
IT. I DON'T EVEN KNOW  
IF I WANT IT ANYMORE.



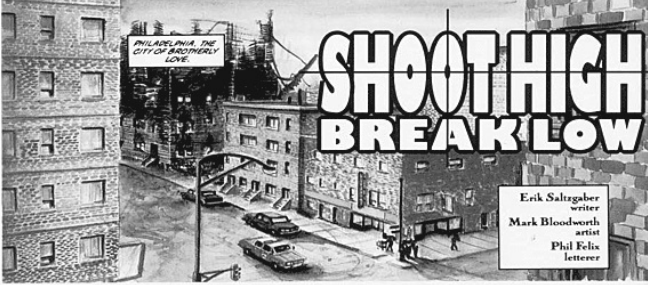
I'LL JUST BE GLAD  
WHEN IT'S OVER.











PHILADELPHIA, THE  
CITY OF BROTHERLY  
LOVE

# SHOOT HIGH BREAK LOW

Erik Saltzgaber  
writer  
Mark Bloodworth  
artist  
Phil Felix  
letterer





FORGET  
IT, MAN.

I AIN'T GOT NOthin'; I  
AIN'T GOT NOthin'; AND  
WE BOTH KNOW YOU AIN'T  
GONNA BOTHER WITH  
THE PAPER WORK.



BETTER LUCK  
NEXT TIME,  
OFFICER.



GOD, I WISH WE HAD  
SOME WAY TO CLEAN  
THIS STUFF UP...

A PROBLEM. A GAME  
WITHOUT WINNERS. A  
PUZZLE.



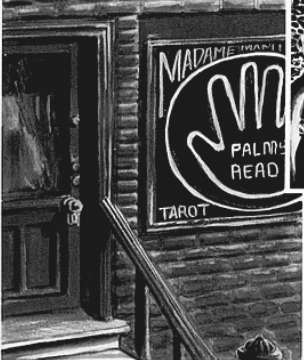
IN ANOTHER DARK CORNER  
OF THIS DARK CITY, A  
SOLUTION PRESENTS ITSELF.

THREE WEEKS AGO, MADAME  
MAYNICH RECEIVED THIS GIFT  
THROUGH HER REGULAR CORRESPOND-  
ENCE. TWO WEEKS AGO, SHE SET  
TO SOLVING IT. SINCE LAST WEEK,  
SHE'S SEEN NO CUSTOMERS.



...AND IN FURTHER NEWS,  
FATHER ABERNETHY, A CATHOLIC PRIEST,  
HAS ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION TO  
GO ON THE AIR IN AN ATTEMPT TO  
COUNTER THE MODERLY POPULAR TEL-  
EVANGELIST SAYLES, WHOM HE  
CHARACTERIZED AS "PREACHING  
THE WORST OF WHAT RELIGION  
HAD TO OFFER..."

FOR TWO DAYS, SHE'S NOT  
MOVED FROM HER CHAIR--  
EVEN TO SHUT OFF THE  
ANNOYING NOISE OF THE  
TELEVISION.



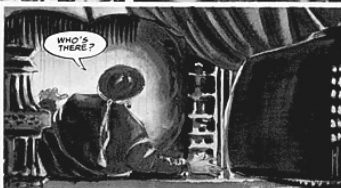
MADAME MAYNICH  
PALMS READ  
TAROT



HER DEDICATION WILL NOT  
GO UNPUNISHED.



WHA...



WHO'S  
THERE?



NAME'S  
ATREUS AND  
I WANT TO  
TELL YOUR  
FORTUNE.



...AND BABY,  
IT AIN'T THAT  
GREAT.



CITY HALL, ANOTHER  
FACET OF THE PUZZLE,  
ANOTHER PIECE IN THE  
GAME.

LOOK, I DON'T CARE WHAT IT  
TAKES, BUT I NEED CONVICTIONS.  
I'M ON THE ROPES AS IT IS, I CAN'T  
HAVE ANOTHER RACIAL SCANDAL  
LIKE THAT... "INCIDENT"... THREE  
YEARS AGO.

YEAH, IT NEVER PAYS  
TO FIRE BOMB A CITY  
BLOCK DURING AN  
ELECTION YEAR.



LOUIS, I KNOW YOU'VE GOT  
NO CAUSE TO LOOK OUT FOR ME,  
BUT IT'S YOUR ASS TOO IF WE CAN'T  
CAP THIS THING. FOUR RACIAL  
INCIDENTS IN THE PAST MONTH IS  
TOO MANY.

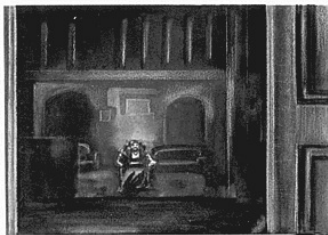
HEY, MR. MAYOR, WE'RE GIVIN' IT ALL  
WE GOT. IT'S NOT THE DEPARTMENT'S  
FAULT YOU PEOPLE WON'T TALK TO US.  
I MEAN, THAT PEOPLE OF A CERTAIN  
"RACIAL TENDENCY" HAVE BEEN LESS  
THAN COOPERATIVE.



CAN THE SARCASM AND DO WHATEVER YOU CAN. AND VANESSA,  
YOU SEE TO IT THAT WHATEVER BUSTS WE DO COME UP WITH,  
WE GOT CONVICTIONS ON.

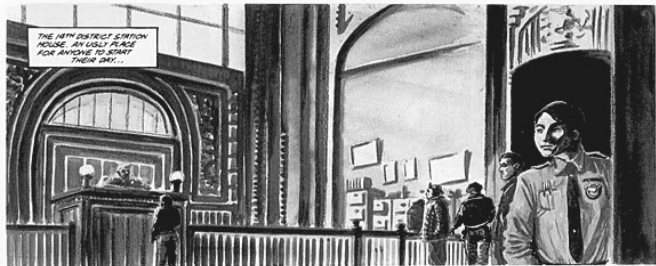
OKAY,  
PEOPLE?







THE 18TH DISTRICT STATION  
HOUSE. AN UGLY PLACE  
FOR ANYONE TO SPEND  
THEIR DAY...



DIDTA HEAR ABOUT LAST NIGHT?  
ANOTHER RACE PROBLEM IN THE  
21ST. TWO WHITE KIDS SHOT A  
COUPLE OF BLACK KIDS. SAID  
THEY TRIED TO STEAL A CAR.



IN THE 21ST? RIGHT.  
MORE LIKELY DRAGGED  
THOSE BLACK KIDS OVER  
THERE AND TOOK THEIR  
TIME OFFING 'EM.  
HAD SOME FUN.

SO YOU JUST  
ASSUME THE WHITE  
KIDS WERE LYING?

GUESS IT  
DOESN'T MATTER  
MUCH EITHER  
WAY. THEY PROBABLY  
HAD IT COMING TO  
THEM.



JILL - BABY LESTER -  
MOLESTER. CAPTAIN WANTS  
TO SEE YOU IN HIS OFFICE.  
YESTERDAY.

COME IN,  
OFFICERS.

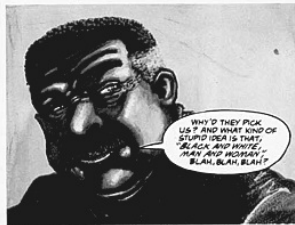
YES SIR,  
CAPTAIN  
ARNOLD.



THESE TWO GENTLEMEN ARE CHIEF OF  
POLICE DI CINZA, WHOM YOU SHOULD RECOGNIZE,  
AND ASSISTANT D.A. MATTHEW J. DAY, WHOM  
YOU MAY NOT. THEY HAVE AN IDEA THEY'D LIKE  
TO DISCUSS WITH YOU. GENTLEMEN...









A WORD WITH YOU IF I MAY, OFFICER GEORGE. I KNOW I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH OF THIS CITY'S HOPES ARE RIDING ON YOUR SHOULDERS.

NO SIR.

I'M OFFERING YOU A CHANCE TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE, BOTH FOR YOURSELF AND FOR PHILADELPHIA. YOU DO WELL HERE AND THERE'S NO TELLING HOW FAR YOU'LL RISE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YES SIR.

THERE'S JUST TWO THINGS YOU HAVE TO DO: FOLLOW MY ORDERS PERFECTLY, AND DON'T SCREW UP.

I CAN HANDLE IT, SIR

THAT'S WHY I CHOSE YOU.

THIS MIGHT BE OKAY...

IN ANOTHER PART OF CITY HALL,  
A FAR GUY FROM THE ANGER'S  
OFFICE...

"DOES EVERYONE  
KNOW THE SCORE?"

"YES."

GOOD. TELL THEM TO SHOW  
UP AT 52 CATHERINE ST. SHORTLY  
AFTER MIDNIGHT. TELL THEM TO  
SHOW UP ALONE. BUT WELL  
ARMED.

LISTEN, IF WE'RE GOING TO  
ENTER INTO SOME KIND OF  
FALSTAFF BARGAIN HERE I  
WANT TO KNOW WHAT OUR  
ANGLE IS. I'M NOT JUST  
SOME FLUNKY.

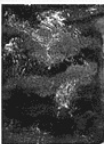
NEITHER AM I, HOMEBOY. I'M NO MEPHISTO  
GROVELING FOR PERMISSION. YOU WANNA  
KNOW YOUR ANGLE?

IT'S LIKE THIS: I'LL BLOW  
YOUR HEAD OFF. I'LL HAVE A GOOD  
TIME WITH IT, TOO. AND THEN I'LL  
FIND SOMEBODY ELSE TO HELP  
ME. GOT IT, SMART GUY?

SWELL! WE ARE  
GOING TO HAVE  
SOME FUN WORKING  
TOGETHER!

YE-YES,  
I GOT IT.





THE END



I REALLY DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT AIDS. IT'S NOT MY PROBLEM. NOT THAT I DON'T GET MY SHARE OF PUS--



--EXCUSE ME, NOT THAT I DON'T GET LAID OR ANYTHING. I DO. PLENTY. BUT I'M NOT AT RISK. I MEAN I'M STRAIGHT. SO I SURE CAN'T CATCH IT. HA! HA!



...RIGHT?

IN THE CONSIDERED OPINION OF DR. MORRIS DILLIARD, LIFE IS A SERIES OF PUZZLES TO BE SOLVED. A SIMPLISTIC VIEW OF THE WORLD, PERHAPS. BUT ONE THAT LED TO WHAT SOME MIGHT SAY IS AN INORDINATE AMOUNT OF PERSONAL SUCCESS FOR THE FIFTY-TWO YEAR OLD DIRECTOR OF THE INSTITUTE FOR DISEASE CONTROL.

THIS MORNING, AS EVERY MORNING, DR. DILLIARD IS RELAXING IN THE LAST FEW MOMENTS BEFORE ANOTHER DAY'S LABOR BY TRYING TO SOLVE A SIMPLE PUZZLE.

UNFORTUNATELY, THIS PARTICULAR PUZZLE IS A LAMENT CONFIGURATION.

AND THE REWARD FOR THOSE INDUSTRIOUS ENOUGH TO SOLVE IT IS A ONE-WAY TICKET TO HELL.

DR. DILLIARD?  
DR. GIOELI IS  
HERE TO SEE  
YOU.

YES, DILLIARD WILL SOLVE THE PUZZLE.

BUT THAT'S NOT THE SCARY PART...

SEND  
HER IN.

Dwayne McDullie  
D.C. Chickster  
writers  
Denny Conan  
pencils/color art  
George Pratt  
inks

Passion







A black and white comic book panel showing a man in a dark suit and a woman in a white dress standing in a room filled with computer equipment. The man is holding a small object in his hand and gesturing with his other hand. The woman is looking at him. In the background, there are shelves with books and various computer components. A desk lamp is visible on the left, and a computer monitor is in the foreground. A speech bubble from the man describes the computer as a fifth-generation MIM, one of only three currently in operation. Another speech bubble from the woman says, "I NEED IT, MORRIS." A third speech bubble at the bottom, coming from a monitor, states that the project requires hundreds of hours of computer time.

HERE'S WHAT YOU CAME TO SEE. ARGUABLY THE MOST ADVANCED COMPUTER IN THE WORLD, A FIFTH GENERATION MIM. ONE OF ONLY THREE CURRENTLY IN OPERATION.

I NEED IT, MORRIS.

UNQUESTIONABLY, YOUR PROJECT REQUIRES HUNDREDS OF HOURS OF COMPUTER TIME.



I CAME HERE SPECIFICALLY TO USE THAT MACHINE. I'M OBSESSED WITH FINDING A SOLUTION TO THE AIDS PROBLEM.

MIDI IS THE ONLY TOOL I NEED TO UNRAVEL THE DISEASE'S MYSTERIES. I'LL DO ANYTHING TO BE ABLE TO USE IT.



DICELI, TIME ON THE MIDI IS NEAR PRICELESS. EVERY HOUR I GIVE YOU MEANS ONE HOUR LESS FOR SOME OTHER SCIENTIST.



IT WILL BE DIFFICULT TO DEFEND GIVING SO MUCH TIME TO ANY ONE RESEARCHER, EVEN ONE AS BRILLIANT AS YOU.



BUT I'M WILLING TO DO SO, UNDER CERTAIN CONDITIONS. IF YOU'RE WILLING TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME, I'M WILLING TO... RECIPROCATE.

I HATE TO HAVE TO TURN YOU DOWN OUTRIGHT. I'LL HAVE TO CAREFULLY RECONSIDER YOUR PROPOSAL.



LIKEWISE, DOCTOR.





I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW ANYBODY CAN EVEN WANT TO HAVE CASUAL SEX ANYMORE. I MEAN, EVEN IF THE GUY SEEMS OKAY.

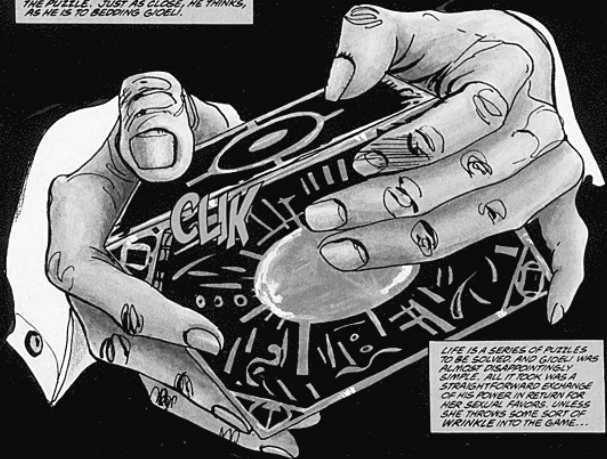


LIKE THEY SAY, YOU'RE NOT JUST HAVING SEX WITH HIM, YOU'RE HAVING SEX WITH EVERYBODY HE'S SLEPT WITH FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS.



ANYWAY, I GOT MARRIED.

DILLIARD WAS VERY NEARLY SOLVED THE PUZZLE. JUST AS CLOSE, HE THINKS, AS HE IS TO BEDDING GIDEL!



LIFE IS A SERIES OF PUZZLES TO BE SOLVED, AND GIDEL WAS ALMOST DISAPPOINTINGLY SIMPLE. ALL IT TOOK WAS A STRAIGHTFORWARD EXCHANGE OF HIS POWER IN RETURN FOR HER SEXUAL FAVORS. UNLESS SHE THROWS SOME SORT OF WRINKLE INTO THE GAME...

...NO. SHE'LL ACCEPT THE DEAL. WHAT ELSE CAN SHE DO? CONSUMMATION IS ALMOST BEYOND THE POINT. THE PUZZLE OF GIGEL HAS BEEN SOLVED JUST AS SURELY...





MY  
CONGRATULATIONS,  
DR. DILLIARD.





SHOULD YOU ACCEPT, YOU WILL  
RECEIVE AN ETERNITY OF PUZZLES  
TO SOLVE. YOU WILL DWELL IN A  
WORLD OF INFINITE PLEASURE,  
PLEASURE SO INTENSE THAT IT IS  
INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM  
SWEET PAIN.



OF COURSE, IN RETURN,  
I EXPECT YOU TO DO  
SOMETHING FOR ME.



THE CHOICE IS YOURS, MORRIS  
DILLARD. IS IT HELL? OR  
HELL WITH HONOR? \*



D-DO WITH ME AS  
YOU WILL, MY LORD.





IT'S A GOOD FIT.

THIS OFFICE COULD  
DO WITH A BIT OF  
TIDYING UP, THOUGH.





IT'S A TRADE-OFF, THE WAY I FIGURE IT.



SEX AND DRUGS ARE BOTH PLEASURE FOR A PRICE. THEY ALWAYS HAVE BEEN, THIS DISEASE JUST UNDERLINES THE THING.



YOU GOT TO RISK SOMETHING TO GET SOMETHING ELSE. LIFE IS FULL OF TRADEOFFS.



CASEY GIDELI, PH.D. WANTS ONE THING ABOVE ALL ELSE.

SHE WANTS TO BE THE ONE WHO SOLVES WHAT IS, IN HER CONSIDERED OPINION, THE MOST DIFFICULT PUZZLE ON EARTH. SHE WANTS TO CURE AIDS.

CASEY GIOELI, PhD, IS BOTH  
AWESOMELY INTELLIGENT AND  
RELENTLESSLY DRIVEN. SHE  
ALWAYS HAS BEEN.



CASEY GIOELI, PhD, HAS ALWAYS  
BEEN WILLING TO DO WHATEVER  
IT TOOK IN ORDER TO GET WHAT  
SHE WANTS.



CASEY GIOELI, PhD, ALWAYS  
GETS THE RIGHT ANSWERS.

A black and white comic panel showing a woman with dark, wavy hair and large hoop earrings looking out of a window. Her hand is visible near the window frame.

AND IF GETTING THE RIGHT ANSWER  
MEANS SHE HAS TO SLEEP WITH THIS  
REPULSIVE LITTLE TOAD, THAT'S JUST  
WHAT SHE'LL DO.

A large black and white comic panel. A woman with dark, curly hair and large hoop earrings looks intensely at a man. His hand is pressed against her chest. The man has a distressed or pained expression. In the background, several circular objects, possibly balloons, are visible.

MORRIS? I'VE BEEN  
THINKING, AND I WAS  
WONDERING IF YOU'D LIKE  
TO DISCUSS MY PROPOSAL  
OVER DINNER.

LITTLE WOULD  
PLEASE ME  
MORE...

THE END

# CLIVE BARKER

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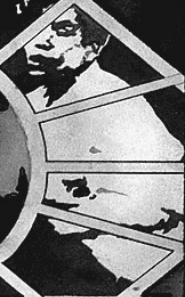
*The  
dream  
of  
the  
Mystics  
is  
coming  
true.*



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*Believe  
in*  
**IMAJICA**



Kennedy must still  
 please the order of Robert Kennedy  
 the spirit of John F. Kennedy do not  
 forget to become any more of a

Δ Δ 1 2 4 Δ 5 6

we believe that Robert F. Kennedy must  
 be sacrificed for the cause of the  
 poor exploited people

we believe that we must  
 such action and  
 the fact that so  
 many so many





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